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His Love smells like Roses

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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I remember the first time I saw him. He was beautiful, with snow white hair, deep piercing green eyes and a seductive grin, chiseled into a face of pure perfection. In the instant our eyes met, I felt the primal connection, a deep stirring in my heart and soul as we held each other captive.

The second thing I noticed was the smell. Most men have an earthy smell, sometimes spicy, sometimes musky, but always that underlying wildness. Except he smelled like roses? The delicate scent enveloped my senses caressing my skin like a lover, seducing me, enslaving me.

If only I knew who and what he was before I fell prey to his world and rules. If only I had known once he captured you, he never let go!

Chapter 2 by miss mystery



He had took me some place isolated for our date. Little did I know he planned to take me to a cabin that I would never come out of. He locked me up when I realized he had no intention of letting me leave. I cried he had changed something about him was off. I was his prisoner that had to play by his rules now.

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